

EXEC. PRODUCER: Jacob Epstein	PROD. #K0804	
EXEC. PRODUCER: Tracy Torme'	Prod. Draft	3/05/96 (FR)
EXEC. PRODUCER: Alan Barnette	Pink Rev.	3/06/96 (FR)
SUPV. PRODUCER: Tony Blake	Blue Rev.	3/06/96 (FR)
SUPV. PRODUCER: Paul Jackson	Yellow Rev.	3/07/96 (FR)
PRODUCER: Jon Povill	Green Rev.	3/08/96 (FR)
PRODUCER: Mychelle Deschamps		
CO. PRODUCER: George Grieve		

SLIDERS

"Greatfellas"

Story by

Sean Clark

and

Scott Smith Miller

Teleplay by

Scott Smith Miller

- NOTICE -

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY FOR STUDIO USE BY STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THE MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED. THE SALE, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS ALSO PROHIBITED.

#K0804

3/08/96

SLIDERS

"Greatfellas"

CAST

QUINN MALLORY
WADE WELLES
ARTURO MAXIMILIAN
REMBRANDT BROWN

COUNTER GUY
THE LAWYER
MEL TORME'
TOMMY GREENFELD
GALLO PATRIARCH
BENJAMIN GREENFELD
LEAH GREENFELD
GOMEZ CALHOUN
BARTENDER (FRANCIS)
JUNE
ANNOUNCER (ON TV)
JOEY BIACCHI
AGENT REID
PIT BOSS
REMBRANDT 2

(X)

#K0804

3/08/96

SLIDERS

"Greatfellas"

INTERIORS:

GOLD NUGGET HOTEL
BAR
CASINO
SHOWROOM/BACKSTAGE
DRESSING ROOM
DOMINION HOTEL
LOBBY
FRONT DESK
ROOM
CORRIDOR
STAIRWELL
BUS TERMINAL
FBI HEADQUARTERS
LIVING ROOM
BEDROOM
GREENFELD HEADQUARTERS
FBI VAN
WAREHOUSE
OFFICE
LAMPLIGHTER
HOTEL SUITE
LIMO
ESTATE (X)

EXTERIORS:

FAST FOOD RESTAURANT
GOLD NUGGET HOTEL
GROUNDS
ALLEY
PARKING LOT
SEEDY BUILDING
BIACCHI HEADQUARTERS (X)
PHONE BOOTH
STREET
ESTATE GROUNDS

Prod. #K0804

3/08/96

SLIDERS

"Greatfellas"

REVISED PAGES:

Prod. Draft	Full Script
Pink Rev.	Full Script
Blue Rev.	Pgs. 10-14, 19, 24, 26, 31-35, 38, 42, 45-48, 50, 51
Yellow Rev.	Full Script
Green Rev.	Full Script

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT (STOCK) 1

WADE (V.O.)
... With each passing slide, our
Earth seems farther and farther
away.

2 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - THE BUSINESS DISTRICT (STOCK) 2

is teeming with cars, pedestrians on the go, urban hustle
and bustle.

WADE (V.O.)
Quinn says I'm being irrational
he tells us Sliding is a random
process, not a straight line
journey.

3 EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT - MOVE IN ON WADE 3

sitting at a table, writing in her journal. Quinn sits
across from her busying himself with the local paper's
entertainment section. Arturo can be seen in the
background, standing in line at the counter, arguing with
the guy working there...

WADE (V.O.)
Still, the realization we may never
see home again, is never far from
our minds.

Quinn is bemused by what he's just read. He indicates the
paper...

QUINN
Some world - even movie critics are
afraid to be critical.
(reads)
"Some say Pauly Shore isn't the
greatest actor in the world, but
there may also be some who say he
is. This reviewer takes no
position on the subject. The
opinions expressed above in no way
represent this newspaper or its
parent corporation."

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

WADE

Fear of litigation. That's what happens when eighty-four percent of the population attend law school.

QUINN

Eighty-five percent too many, if you ask me.

ANGLE ON THE COUNTER

as Rembrandt returns from the men's room - he finds Arturo turning away from the counter, empty handed.

REMBRANDT

(sudden frown)
Hey, where's my burger?

ARTURO

Ordering here is more complicated than buying a house. I'm afraid we'll have to eat on the next world.

(checks his expensive watch)

Thank God we slide in a couple of minutes.

REMBRANDT

Forget it! The next world might be run by a bunch of weird-ass vegetarians. I want a juicy red meat burger, and I want it now!

Rembrandt heads for the counter. Arturo shoots a raised eyebrow glance at the others, then follows, curious to see how this turns out.

THE GUY BEHIND THE COUNTER

is 28, wears glasses, looks intelligent and highly overqualified for this kind of work.

REMBRANDT

Alright my man, listen up...
(glancing at menu board)
My friend here wants a Whammy Burger --

ARTURO

-- Double Whammy Burger, with cheese.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

REMBRANDT

Right - and I'll have the Super
Carnivore, fries and a cola.

The Counter Guy shoots Arturo a look, saying "didn't we just
go through this?"

COUNTER GUY

As I explained to your friend, I'll
still need to see your salmonella
insurance and carbonated beverage
release forms.

REMBRANDT

You need all that... just to serve
me a burger?

The smart-ass counter guy nods, as if dealing with two
children.

REMBRANDT

Fine, just give me the fries.

COUNTER GUY

I'll need picture I.D. and a
doctor's note, verifying a
cholesterol count under two
hundred.

REMBRANDT

Who brings that kinda stuff into a
joint like this?

COUNTER GUY

You do, if you expect service.

Rembrandt can smell the burgers frying and it's only adding
to his frustration. He looks at the Professor, feeling
terribly helpless...

ARTURO

I did try to warn you.

REMBRANDT

Yeah.
(sniffing the air sadly)
Let's get out of here.

As they turn to go -- Rembrandt accidentally bumps into --

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

behind them --

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

REMBRANDT

Sorry.

She stares after him as he and the Professor walk by. Then she begins to bend and arch her neck, as if it were suddenly bothering her.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS

4

are walking away, when A MAN exits the eatery and calls after them (earlier, we saw him eating alone at a neighboring table).

THE LAWYER

Excuse me, I think you're going to need my help.

He hands a business card to Rembrandt. Quinn pauses to read it over Remmy's shoulder...

QUINN

Silverberg, Thompson, Katzoff, Klein, O'Leary, Phelps and Manning?

THE LAWYER

(to Rembrandt)

That woman you just impacted is filing a collision suit against you. She's claiming a neck injury from the after-effects of the accident.

ARTURO

But he barely touched her!

THE LAWYER

That may be, but frankly, Sir, you never should've admitted guilt.

REMBRANDT

All I said was I'm sorry!

THE LAWYER

Exactly and in front of multiple first-hand witnesses. You're lucky she didn't slap you with sexual harassment.

Wade moves to Rembrandt before he can explode a response.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

WADE

Let's just go, okay? Why even bother with this -- it's time to slide.

THE LAWYER

(overhearing)

Oh, you can't just let it slide. The penalties quadruple.

Rembrandt shoots him a look that could kill.

QUINN

I wouldn't bet on it.

The Sliders come to a halt as the timer hits zero. Quinn is enjoying this.

As the swirling blue whirlpool forms, the lawyer is absolutely disbelieving. He shields his eyes against the wind.

The Sliders look at one another... The lawyer's look of astonishment is simply priceless.

Arturo jumps into the void... Wade waves goodbye and does the same.

REMBRANDT

Since you feel so strongly about it, take the case -- and bill me on another Earth.

Rembrandt busts up, pats Quinn on the shoulder... and the two of them slide... leaving the lawyer utterly speechless.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS - A WEDDING

5

about to begin. It's a modest affair we get the sense it's been hastily thrown together. (And if we were to look carefully, we'd realize that security is tight).

TWO FAMILIES

on either side of the aisle, regard each other with mutual mistrust. One side is Jewish, the other Italian.

ANGLE - A LATE ARRIVAL - MEL TORME'

decked out in a cool tux, entering the wedding to the screams and squeals of delighted guests/fans. Mel graciously shakes hands and acknowledges the adulation as he makes his way to a stocky, well-dressed individual --

BENJAMIN GREENFELD

the bride's father.

GREENFELD

Mel. Mel Torme'. The greatest singer on the face of the Earth.

MEL

Boy, I got here just in time, Zeda. My flight was delayed --

GREENFELD

What matters is that you're here. You honor me with your presence at the wedding of my beloved daughter.

(indicates guests)

Who'd have thought a day like this would come? Greenfelds and Gallos, Italians and Jews - mortal enemies all these years, coming together in the name of love.

(sardonic smile)

And business!

(louder, so guests will hear)

And now, Mel Torme' has come to sing for us - what more could a man ask for?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MEL
(a little uneasy)
Well, actually, my throat's kinda
thrashed Zeda, and I open
tonight --

GREENFELD
(loud, scowling)
You're not gonna sing at my
little girl's wedding?!

(X)

(X)

His LOUD ANGRY VOICE brings the party to a screeching halt.
Mel pauses, thinking, a nervous smile on his face.

MEL
Of course I'm gonna sing, of
course. I'm just warning you, it
might sound a little rough.

GREENFELD
Melvula, I like it rough!

He embraces the singer and kisses his cheek with verve.

GREENFELD
(as a command)
After the ceremony, you sing. For
now, there's the piano - you can
start by playing the wedding march.

Mel tries not to cringe, a frozen smile plastered upon his
face. Doing his best to mask his reluctance, he moves to
the piano.

GREENFELD
(to his son)
Rumor has it, the groom's family
called up Sinatra - but who cares?
We got Mel!

TIME CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

BENJAMIN GREENFELD

in tuxedo and yarmulke, escorts his beautiful daughter, LEAH, toward her betrothal to the strains of the Bridal March --

GREENFELD

(sotto)

Smile, will ya? You'd think you were going to your funeral.

LEAH

(sotto)

As far as I'm concerned, I am.

The groom, somewhat thug-like beneath the contours of his Armani tux, doesn't look any happier than the bride does.

LEAH

can't even meet her intended's gaze. Both the priest and rabbi are somewhat nervous, too --

GREENFELD

(to priest and rabbi)

Who goes first?

The priest indicates for the rabbi -- "You go."

LEAH

looks up at these men of God -- resigned to the fate of this loveless match. Reacts -- something very strange is happening. A strange wind is blowing the rabbi's hair. A noise she's never heard before. And suddenly, from behind the chuppa (framed and bracketed so that the wormhole can't be seen) --

THE SLIDERS

come tumbling one-by-one, out from behind the altar, as if shot from a canon.

GREENFELD

What the hell --?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 3

5

QUINN

lands right into the chuppa, sending it buckling. Pandemonium. Arturo lands next, somewhere in the middle of this melee. The Patriarch's young hot-blooded son, TOMMY GREENFELD, moves in aggressively.

TOMMY

Son-of-a-bitch!

SECURITY

on either side of the aisle, bristle, draw hardware.

QUINN

Please! Don't shoot!

These guys are on a hair trigger --

QUINN

There's more of us coming -- don't be alarmed

As now Wade and then --

REMBRANDT

arrives last, goes barreling right into the caterer's table scattering dishes and silverware --

GREENFELD

(astonishment)
Brown?

ANGLE - TOMMY

reacts --

TOMMY

-- It's The Incorruptibles.
(grim)
They've been tipped off.

Whispers from the crowd: "It's Rembrandt Brown," "The Incorruptibles," etc. Off a signal from Greenfeld, the guns are re-holstered. Rembrandt's getting a vibe from the response.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 4

5

REMBRANDT

(to gathering)

Hello, everyone. Sorry for the interruption.

(then)

Couldn't be helped, I'm afraid.

(sotto; to Quinn)

I think they're fans.

ANGLE - TOMMY

reacts with outrage.

TOMMY

Sarcastic son-of-a-bitch! He's throwing the gauntlet down right in front of us.

GREENFELD

Easy, Tommy.

As --

REMBRANDT

extends a hand to the astonished Greenfeld --

REMBRANDT

You're the proud father, huh? You got a beautiful daughter there.

WADE

(a hiss)

Rembrandt. Let's go.

REMBRANDT

Alright, folks. We'll be leaving now. Enjoy the rest of your evening... and tell your family and friends you saw The Crying Man -- in the flesh.

The crowd looks on in stunned silence as the Sliders make a move for the exits. Just then, Rembrandt spots someone he knows --

REMBRANDT

Hey, Mel Torme'!

Mel is horrified as Rembrandt's on him, pumping his hand like a long-lost brother --

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

5

REMBRANDT
Man, it's good to see you! It's
been too long since we worked
together.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 6

5

MEL

(alarmed)
What are you saying? I've never
worked with you!

REMBRANDT

(winks)
Oh. I see -- well, not on this
world anyway, right?

And he moves off, toward the exits through a throng of what
he's come to believe are diehard fans in a state of shock --

ANGLE - TOMMY AND GREENFELD

(X)

watching as the Sliders move off --

(X)

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ESTATE - THE SLIDERS

6

exiting toward the street --

WADE

That was weird -- the minute they
saw Rembrandt it was like everybody
stopped breathing.

QUINN

I don't know what they had to be
scared about.

(then)

Half the people in there looked
like they were packing.

WADE

-- I thought we were goners there
for a second.

REMBRANDT

They weren't scared, they were
mesmerized. Some folks just tense
up in the presence of a
superstar --

Valets, passersby turn. Stop to stare -- Rembrandt's
waving, smiling at them like it's the Macy's Parade.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

QUINN

Yeah, well, whoever your double is
on this world, Superstar, he's not
gonna be real pleased when he finds
out you're cutting in on his
action.

As --

(X)

7 EXT. STREET - NEON SIGNS

7

dominate the San Francisco architecture.

THE SLIDERS

move through this version of Glitter Gulch

QUINN

The city's lit up like a
firecracker --

ARTURO

Conceivably the Bugsy Siegal of
this world founded his gambling
empire in Northern California,
rather than the Nevada Desert.

WADE

Guys -- Look.

ANGLE - A BILLBOARD

A political poster urging the re-election of Ronald Reagan
for Governor. The caption reads: "YOU LOVED HIM AS
PRESIDENT. YOU TRUST HIM AS GOVERNOR. REAGAN '96."

ARTURO

Ronald Reagan's running for
Governor here?

WADE

Why would he want to go back to
being Governor after being
President all those years?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

ARTURO
The man loved the political
spotlight.
(then)
Perhaps on this world, he was
spared the ravages of
Alzheimer's --

Rembrandt's stopped to sign autographs.

QUINN
Guys -- let's just get to the hotel
and get off the streets, okay?

CUT TO:

8 INT. DOMINION HOTEL LOBBY - GOMEZ CALHOUN

8

at the front desk --

ARTURO
Given Mr. Brown's celebrity on this
world, I suggest we handle the
checking in. We don't want to
provoke any further undue reactions

Too late --

GOMEZ CALHOUN
Mr. Brown?
(then)
My God -- what an honor, sir.
(to the others)
You folks must be The
Incorruptibles.

ARTURO
We are here only for a short time.
Under the circumstances, we must
ask you to protect our anonymity.

GOMEZ CALHOUN
Absolutely. Of course.
(then)
Suite 42, upstairs and to the left.

WADE
Don't you need us to check in?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

GOMEZ CALHOUN
And let everyone know you're here?
(then)
You'll be safer this way.

As the Sliders, baffled, head off --

QUINN
Incorruptibles?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 3

8

REMBRANDT

He obviously thinks you're my
back-up singers. Not as catchy as
The Spinning Topps, but I guess it
works for my second bananas.

As they go

CALHOUN'S

moved to the phone --

GOMEZ CALHOUN

It's Calhoun. Deputy Director
Rembrandt Brown just showed up. I
know -- nobody informed me either.

(listens)

He did what?

(then)

I'll try to hold on to him. Get
here as quickly as you can.

Off which --

CUT TO:

9 OMITTED (9)

9

10 INT. ESTATE - THE GREENFELD

10

family are holed up with the Gallos.

GREENFELD

How did these people get past
security? Tommy, you got an
explanation?

TOMMY

No go, Pop. Between our two
families, we had men stationed at
every entrance.

(then)

On top of which, our sources in
Washington say that Rembrandt Brown
was scheduled for a meeting with
Interpol over the weekend.

GALLO PATRIARCH

Obviously there's a weak link
somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

TOMMY

What's that supposed to insinuate?

GREENFELD

Take it easy, Tommy.

GALLO PATRIARCH

We put years of animosity aside to secure this merger --

(then)

San Francisco's your turf, Greenfeld -- You're the one who bears ultimate responsibility.

TOMMY

What're you saying? The Greenfeld's leaked this thing to the Feds?

GALLO PATRIARCH

I think there's an informant in our midst.

GREENFELD

You know something we don't?

GALLO PATRIARCH

Everybody knows Mel Torme's relationship with the Greenfeld family --

(then)

Curious, no -- the one outsider at this wedding turns out to be an intimate of Rembrandt Brown.

TOMMY

Mr. Gallo, I assure you -- the merging of our families -- and all it entails -- is going forward. We'll take care of The Incorruptibles, don't you worry about that.

(then)

And if there's an informant in our midst, we'll take care of that, too.

A look to Greenfeld. It's clear what this means.

CUT TO:

11 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - ROOM - WADE

11

takes notice of the hotel movie offerings

WADE

Look at this stuff -- Goodfellas,
Casino, Return of Goodfellas --

(then)

Everything's a gangster movie.

Arturo meanwhile is crouched down in front of the mini-bar.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 2

11

ARTURO

Curious. No alcoholic beverages of any kind.

(then)

Colas and mineral water, and jars of peanuts.

WADE

You'd think in a world of high stakes gambling, they'd want to get you as drunk as possible.

REMBRANDT

Hand me a cola, Professor.

QUINN

I'm gonna get some ice.

Goes --

WADE

I don't know about you guys, but I get a real weird vibe off this place.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CORRIDOR - POV - QUINN

12

as he exits the hotel room, moves down the corridor, headed towards the ice machine. Someone's watching him --

QUINN'S

oblivious as he starts to scoop ice from the ice machine --

A VOICE (O.S.)

Hey. Agent?

Quinn turns --

GOMEZ CALHOUN

beckoning to him from over by the stairwell door

GOMEZ CALHOUN

Over here.

(then)

Somebody needs to talk to you.

Quinn goes --

13 INT. STAIRWELL - MEL TORME'

13

in his best incognito. Mel's pissed off --

MEL

What are you people doing? Trying to get me killed?

(off Quinn's confusion)

Give me one reason not to pull out of this operation right now.

QUINN

I'm not sure what you mean.

MEL

You tell your boss for me, okay? The two most powerful crime families in the western United States finally make their move and the F.B.I. just waltzes in and blows the undercover.

QUINN

F.B.I. --?

MEL

Rembrandt Brown might as well have put a bounty on my head: U.S. Government Informant.

(then)

I.D.'ing me in front of every street hood and murderer within a hundred miles -- I don't care if he is the deputy director.

QUINN

Look -- I can see why you're upset.

(then)

There's a little confusion about identities here.

MEL

Identity nothing, it's ego.

(then)

Tell him he needs to wait 'til we make our case before he goes showboating for the evening news, or the only thing the press will be covering is his obituary.

GOMEZ CALHOUN

Mr. Torme' -- someone's coming.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MEL
I'm playing a double set tonight at
The Sands.
(then)
You tell Rembrandt Brown to wait
for my signal.

Off Quinn --

CUT TO:

14 INT. DOMINION HOTEL CORRIDOR - TOMMY GREENFELD

14

exiting the Sliders' room, moving off down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

QUINN'S

seen this. Suspicious, he enters --

15 INT. HOTEL ROOM - ARTURO, WADE, REMBRANDT

15

Rembrandt's got an envelope

QUINN

Was that the guy from the wedding?
What was he doing here?

WADE

He gave us this.

Quinn takes the envelope from Rembrandt -- Wads of bills.

WADE

It's a hundred thousand dollars,
Quinn.

REMBRANDT

Something about appearing at the
wedding.

(then)

A token of appreciation from the
two families involved.

(X)

QUINN

And you accepted it?

REMBRANDT

(a bit sheepish)
Well, I did try to resist, given
the mistaken identities and all.

QUINN

Don't you guys get it? They think
we're the F.B.I., Rembrandt.

(then)

You just accepted a hundred-
thousand-dollar bribe.

Off which realization --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - ROOM - THE SLIDERS

16

take stock --

WADE

All right, look -- it's simple.

(then)

We just find some way of giving the money back.

ARTURO

Brilliant. Let's just slap the most powerful crimelord in San Francisco in the face and call it a day.

WADE

Well we can't just keep it.

ARTURO

Under the circumstances? And considering the alternatives? What choice do we have?

(then)

We lay low for the next twenty-seven hours and slide out of here.

WADE

With a hundred-thousand dollars of the mob's money?

ARTURO

The mob may be all-powerful, but they can't find us on the next world.

REMBRANDT

Guys, we're missing something.

(then)

According to Mel Torme', this world's me's some sort of crusading F.B.I. director.

(X)
(X)

QUINN

He's right.

(then)

If we keep the money, it's gonna make it look like The Incorruptibles have been corrupted.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

ARTURO

I will say it again.

(listing)

Your double is a man we do not know, we are on a world we do not understand, dealing with people with very big guns -- When are the rest of you going to understand? I don't care if we burn the money or give it to the homeless, we must not get involved.

WADE

(off the money)

We took a bribe. We're already involved.

QUINN

Mel Torme' is some kind of government informant. He's playing at The Sands.

(then)

Maybe he can put us in contact with the real Incorruptibles.

REMBRANDT

(Quinn's prepared to go)

You want company?

QUINN

You're a poster boy, Rembrandt. The less attention we draw, the better.

(then)

You three stay here. Wait for my call.

And he goes, taking the envelope of money with him.

CUT TO:

17 INT. GOLD NUGGET CASINO - VIDEO MONITOR

17

displays Keno results. From everywhere, the cacophony of dozens of slot machines.

QUINN

takes a seat at the bar --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

17

BARTENDER
Eleven-thirty or thereabouts.
(then)
Can I get you something?

QUINN
How 'bout a beer?

BARTENDER
(as if he had ordered
cocaine)
Beer?
(then)
This look like a speakeasy to you?

Before Quinn can respond, a commotion at the far end of the bar. A man - call him John - and a woman, JUNE. The man's got the woman by the wrist, they're struggling

JUNE
Let me go!

BARTENDER
Hey!
(to the woman)
What'd I tell you about hustling in here?
(then)
Take it outside.

JOHN
Not 'til this bitch gives me back the money she stole!

JUNE
Get your grubby hands off me!

The John smacks June hard, knocks her to the floor --

QUINN
Hey!

Quinn steps between them --

QUINN
(as he helps her up)
You all right?

JOHN
Who's he? Your pimp?

QUINN
Just walk away, okay pal?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 3

17

JOHN
This doesn't concern you, hero.
This is between me and the little
bitch.

QUINN
I said: leave her alone.

JOHN
Oh. This is cute.

John throws a punch. Quinn ducks it, answers with a right
cross of his own, sending John flying

BARTENDER
That does it!

The bartender's emerging from in back of the bar. He's got
a baseball bat --

QUINN
Let's go. Hurry!

She and Quinn take off --

CUT TO:

18 EXT. GOLD NUGGET - ALLEY - NIGHT - QUINN AND JUNE

18

She's grateful.

JUNE
Talk about your knight in shining
armor.

QUINN
Are you all right?

JUNE
I think so.
(then)
I swear to God, I never saw that
guy before.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JUNE (cont'd)
He just walked up and started
hassling me.
(then)
What's your angle, anyway?

QUINN
No angle.
(then)
It looked like you needed help.
(she stares at him:
didn't figure on this)
Listen -- I'm supposed to meet
somebody. Are you sure you're
gonna be all right?

JUNE
(kisses him)
Thanks. You're a sweetheart.

And she hails a waiting cab. Goes --

QUINN

stands there a beat, turns to go. A beat. Checks his
pocket

QUINN
(sinking feeling)
No!

The envelope is gone --

19 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - ON TV

19

A photograph of Ronald Reagan (taken in a moment of apparent confusion) --

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)
Ronald Reagan... as President, he
dismantled the federal government.
Now Ronald Reagan wants to do the
same thing for California...

The photo of Reagan bleaches to white and now --

JOSEPH BIACCHI

(X)

well-dressed, purposeful

BIACCHI
I'm Joseph Biacchi. As District
Attorney of San Francisco, I stood
up to organized crime. As
Governor, I'll raise taxes, and put
cops back out on the street.
(then)
Together, we can take California
back from the special interests.

(X)

(X)

As now --

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)
Joe Biacchi for Governor. Because
Ronald Reagan is just too soft on
crime.

(X)

Somewhere under which we widen to reveal

REMBRANDT

incognito and the other Sliders. They've come downstairs to
get something to eat.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

REMBRANDT

You watching this?

(then)

Whoever heard of a politician
promising to raise taxes?

ARTURO

(been reading up, as
usual)

The key seems to be that
Prohibition was never repealed, as
on our world.

(then)

Al Capone, Meyer Lansky, these men
were never stopped here. They
amassed enormous fortunes
satisfying the nation's craving for
bootleg whiskey... they carved the
nation up into competing markets
and territories.

(then)

In many ways, it's similar to what
befell the Soviet Union back home.

REMBRANDT

How do you mean?

ARTURO

When President Reagan decentralized
the federal government, he intended
to shift power back to the states.

(then)

Inadvertently, he only made the
crime families more powerful than
ever.

WADE

Explain something -- What's such a
big deal about a wedding?

(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT

Yeah. Why's that a big deal,
Professor?

ARTURO

Blood is thicker than water, Miss
Welles. Perhaps in a world where
all social institutions have broken
down, the only way to unify two
organizations who have been at each
other's throats for years is
through inter-marriage.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CASINO - SHOWROOM - NIGHT - QUINN

20

as he approaches the door that leads inside the showroom (a promo picture of Mel on a marquee, indicates that he's headlining - Wynonna Judd is the opening act).

Quinn's path is quickly blocked by --

(X)

THE BARTENDER.

(X)

Where he's headed is off limits.

BARTENDER

Where do you think you're going?

QUINN

I need to speak to Mel. We're uh, old friends.

BARTENDER

Well you can't speak to him now, he's still on stage.

The bartender notices the dejected look on Quinn's face.

BARTENDER

You really Mel's friend?

QUINN

We were just together last night. He told me to drop by.

BARTENDER

(thinking, then...)

Tell ya what - how 'bout I let you stand in the wings 'till the show's done? It's a good view from there - I'll go with ya, just in case you're not on the up and up.

20A INT. CASINO SHOWROOM - STAGE - NIGHT - TIGHT ON MEL

20A

who is wearing a leather vest, cowboy boots and a ten-gallon hat. On this world, he is a Country & Western star. Mel is playing guitar and singing "Praying to Jesus", a country waltz, one of his biggest hits...

MEL

(singing)

I'm praying to Jesus, I'm down on my knees...

I'm hopin' he eases the pain that he sees...

Me and my buddy Jack Daniels are bonding... I'm numbin' the hurt but my brain's not responding.

(CONTINUED)

20A CONTINUED:

20A

ANGLE - QUINN AND THE BARTENDER

now standing in the wings, watching the show.

BARTENDER

He's good solo, but it ain't the
same since he and Minnie Pearl
split up.

BACK TO MEL

who is now breaking into the heartbreaking chorus...

MEL

(singing)
The beer truck was rollin' past
my house...
It made me think about
my spouse...
She left me and also took
my dog...
I'm sad and lonely as
a hog.

Mel finishes by doing an amazing "country scat" - a verbal
improvisation that is reminiscent of his jazz scatting on
our Earth, but with heavy country overtones.

Mel leaves the stage to the roar of the crowd. Stops in his
tracks when he sees Quinn waiting for him there.

BARTENDER

(applauding)
Wonderful show Mel, wonderful -
loved that Deliverance medley.
(Mel is still glaring at
Quinn)
Uh, this gentleman claims to be
your friend.

MEL

(monotone)
Thank you Francis.

The Bartender takes that as a sign to scoot. An icy Mel
speaks to Quinn, indicating the crowd, which is still
applauding OFF SCREEN --

MEL

You just cost those folks an
encore.

That said, Mel brushes past Quinn, leading the way to his
dressing room.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MEL'S DRESSING ROOM - MEL AND QUINN

21

Quinn's laid it out

MEL

What do you mean he's not with the
F.B.I.?

(X)

QUINN

That's what I'm trying to explain.
He's not the Rembrandt Brown you
think he is.

(X)

MEL

So who the hell is he?

QUINN

Believe me, that would take some
explaining. The point is, the
mafia thinks he took a bribe.

(then)

Whatever it is that's going down,
they think the F.B.I.'s gonna look
the other way.

(then)

I was gonna bring the money to you.
See if you could get it into the
proper hands.

MEL

So where is it?

(X)

QUINN

I got robbed.

MEL

What?

QUINN

I was pickpocketed outside the
hotel

(X)

(then)

I know what this sounds like,
sir -- It's too crazy for me to
make up.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

A beat.

MEL

All right, listen. I'm gonna make
a call to Washington.

(then)

If your story checks out, I'll see
what I can do.

QUINN

I really appreciate that.

MEL

Yeah, well you've got an honest
face. C'mon, walk me to my car.

Mel grabs his coat and they go --

CUT TO:

22 EXT. GOLD NUGGET - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - MEL'S CAR

22

is a rental.

QUINN AND MEL

move toward it

MEL

If you and your buddies know
what's good for you, you'll watch
your backs.

(then)

San Francisco's about to explode.

QUINN

Thanks for the warning.

MEL

I can't wait 'til this gig's over.
Gonna head back to my ranch outside
Nashville... Milk the cows, feed
the chickens, and pray this whole
thing blows over...

Mel turns to Quinn, offers his hand and a hint of a smile...

MEL

Keep your nose clean, kid.

(then)

Don't make a move until you've
heard from me.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Quinn shakes hands and nods acknowledgement, then starts to go. The sound of the rental car's ignition and then --

(X)

KA-BOOM!

fireball. A car bomb. The percussion knocks Quinn to the pavement. As he gets to his feet, moves to the blazing car --

QUINN

Mel!! No!

The heat is overpowering. Whatever Quinn could hope to do for the famous informant, it's too late.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BUS TERMINAL - ESTABLISHING - NEW DAY - (STOCK) 23

24 INT. BUS TERMINAL - REMBRANDT 2 24

imposing in trenchcoat and fedora, exits a Trailways that says AIRPORT.

AGENT REID

apple-cheeked, young F.B.I. agent moves to assist --

AGENT REID

(nervous)

Welcome to San Francisco, sir.

REMBRANDT 2

You think the least you people could'a done was meet me at the airport. (X)
(X)
(X)

AGENT REID

Budget cuts, sir. You know the drill. (X)
(X)

(reaching for Rembrandt's suitcase)

Here, let me take that for you. (X)

Rembrandt 2 blocks Reid's hand and begins striding down the corridor towards the exit. Reid hurries to keep up.

REMBRANDT 2

Fill me in.

(off Reid's reluctance)

Forget the sugar coating, Agent Reid. Who broke our informant's cover?

AGENT REID

(hedging)

Well, sir -- according to what we've heard so far -- it really doesn't make a lot of sense.

REMBRANDT 2

What doesn't make much sense?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

AGENT REID

(nervous)
By all accounts, sir, you broke
Mr. Torme's cover -- People are
saying you showed up at the
Greenfeld/Gallo wedding and
fingered him.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

REMBRANDT 2
What the hell are you talking
about? I was in Toronto!

AGENT REID
(even more nervous)
We know that, sir. But a great
many people claim to have seen you
at the wedding. That, coupled with
the fact that the wedding was
canceled, has people thinking...

REMBRANDT 2
(interrupting)
The wedding was postponed?

(X)

AGENT REID
(hates this assignment)
Yes, sir. Our best guess is
someone's been impersonating you.

REMBRANDT 2
Maybe one of the other families is
trying to break up the alliance.
(then)
The death of Agent Torme' is a
terrible loss for this nation. If
we don't sort out what's happening
here -- and fast -- a lot more
people are gonna die.

24A EXT. STREET - PHONE BOOTH - MORNING - QUINN

24A

on the payphone --

QUINN
-- The cops came, Wade, they can
barely afford police cars here.
(then)
They said they were gonna
investigate -- who knows what that
means?
(then)
Hold the fort, okay? I'll be back
as soon as I can.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SLIDERS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY - WADE

25

hangs up the phone.

ARTURO
What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

WADE

He's gonna keep looking for her.
(then)

He says: hold the fort.

Rembrandt's been scanning the TV.

REMBRANDT

Nothing. Nothing on the TV news
and nothing on the radio. Mel
Torme' is blown to bits by a car
bomb and no one says a word about
it.

ARTURO

Evidently, the news agencies don't
report anything the mob doesn't
want them to.

Wade has moved to the phonebook.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2

25

WADE

Guys, the F.B.I. has an office in town. What if we go down there and explain the situation?

ARTURO

(sarcastic)

Great. He looks like the F.B.I. deputy director, so the mafia bribed him and we'd give you back the money only some demimondaine ripped off our friend last night.

(X)

(X)

WADE

We have to do something, Professor. Sitting around here isn't helping.

(X)

(X)

(X)

ARTURO

No. We have no responsibilities here -- let the real authorities deal with the aftermath.

(X)

Before anyone can answer, there's a KNOCK at the door.

REMBRANDT

Now what?

He opens the door.

LEAH GREENFELD

The intended bride at the Greenfeld/Gallo merger. She's got a scarf over her head to protect her identity. As she enters --

LEAH

Quickly. My family has lookouts stationed all over this hotel.

ARTURO

What in the world is going on?

WADE

You were the bride last night.

LEAH

Intended bride.

(then)

Leah Greenfeld, Mr. Brown.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 4

25

WADE
(knows where this is
going)
Uh oh.

LEAH
Listen -- I don't have much time.
(then)
My father has rescheduled the
wedding for tomorrow night.
(then)
I'm asking to be taken into
protective custody.

ARTURO
What?

REMBRANDT
Lady -- I can't
do that.

(X)

LEAH
What do you mean "you can't?" You
know the kind of risk I'm taking?
(then)
I can't marry Eddie Gallo --
(then)
I'm defying everything and
everybody I know.

Leah holds out a Ledger book --

LEAH
I took this from my father's
office.

(then)
It's a list of pay-offs to every
corrupt cop and union official in
the state --

(X)
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 5

25

REMBRANDT

Miss Greenfeld -- you have to understand.

(then)

We are not from the Federal Government. I'm not from the F.B.I.

LEAH

What are you talking about?

(then)

You people are my only hope.

REMBRANDT

Take a look around here, sweetheart.

(then)

Does it look like the three of us are ready to face down the mob?

(X)

LEAH

I assumed you'd have back up.

REMBRANDT

I'm a singer. I got a cousin who's an auxiliary patrolman in Vero Beach, Florida, but that's about as connected to law enforcement as I get.

WADE

I know this is difficult for you to understand -- We're desperately trying to contact the authorities.

(X)

(then)

When we do we will make sure that the information you have reaches the appropriate channels.

(X)

LEAH

There's no time for that!

(then)

They'll kill me, don't you understand that?

REMBRANDT

This is bad, man.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 6

25

ARTURO
(exasperated)
All right -- Rembrandt, stay here
with Miss Greenfeld.
(then)
Miss Welles and I will go to F.B.I.
headquarters and see what help they
can give us.

(X)

WADE
Don't answer the phone and don't
open the door not for anybody.
(then)
We'll be back as soon as we can.

Goes --

CUT TO:

26 INT. CASINO - THE BARTENDER

26

from before looks up --

QUINN

enters

QUINN
How're you doing?
(then)
I was in here last night.

BARTENDER
I remember.

QUINN
I'm looking for the girl I met
here.

(X)
(X)

BARTENDER
(smirks)
No good deed goes unpunished.

QUINN
Any idea where I'd start looking?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

BARTENDER
Only free advice I have for you is
to get out of the big city, boy.

Quinn gets the clue -- hands the guy a \$20. The bartender
frowns -- Quinn gives him another \$20 and we

(X)

CUT TO:

26A INT. CASINO - JUNE

26A

at the blackjack tables

QUINN
(hard)
C'mere --

JUNE
Hey! Get your hands off me!

QUINN
(to other players)
'Scuse us a second --

As he moves her aside --

JUNE
What the hell d'you think you're
doing?

QUINN
Save it.
(then)
The money you took doesn't belong
to me.
(then)
It belongs to the Greenfelds.

JUNE
What!?

QUINN
You heard me.
(then)
If you know what's good for you,
you'll get it back.
(then)
If I can find you, so can they.
All I have to do is give them your
name...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

26A CONTINUED:

26A

JUNE

(in pain)
I don't have it.

QUINN

Then who the hell does?

JUNE

Ask him.

By whom she means the blackjack dealer

(CONTINUED)

26A CONTINUED: 2

26A

JUNE

It's the truth!
(then)
It's his money now.

QUINN

You blew it? A hundred thousand
dollars?

JUNE

I owe the loan sharks. What do you
want from me? I was ahead for
awhile...

QUINN

(stunned)
How much do you owe them?

JUNE

A lot. If I could'a doubled your
money, I'd'a been out from under.
(then)
I was going to pay you back, I
swear...

QUINN

How much is left?

JUNE

A little under five grand

Quinn moves back toward the table.

JUNE

What are you gonna do?

QUINN

Sit tight, okay?
(then)
I need to concentrate.
(to dealer)
Deal the cards.

As the dealer starts to do so --

CUT TO:

27 OMIT (27)

27

28 EXT. UTTERLY SEEDY, RUN DOWN BUILDING - DAY - WADE AND
ARTURO

28

check the address against a piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ARTURO
1170 William Street. It's not
even an office building. Are you
sure you wrote it down correctly?

(X)

There's a directory in the doorway, with intercom buttons to
ring the people inside. Wade checks the list.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

WADE
I'm pretty sure I did. Here it is:
West Coast Regional Headquarters,
FBI.

ARTURO
It's one thing to downsize the
federal government. This is
absurd.

She pushes the button beside the listing. Nothing happens.
Arturo tries the door.

ARTURO
It's open.

As they enter

CUT TO:

29 INT. WEST COAST REGIONAL F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

29

It's a cheap one bedroom apartment converted into office
space. Agent Reid and one or two others have desks.
There's a copy machine, computer, fax, and some telephones.

WADE AND ARTURO

enter, looking around in amazement.

AGENT REID
Can I help you?

ARTURO
(cautious)
We possess certain information
regarding a criminal conspiracy of
enormous proportions. (X)
(less blithely)
Who might we talk to about that?

Rembrandt 2 reveals himself from the kitchen area. He's
made himself some coffee.

REMBRANDT 2
You'd talk to me.

He heads out, indicates --

30 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/OFFICE

30

The small converted bedroom has not much more than one desk
and an interrogation table with several chairs.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Rembrandt 2 closes the door, then sits at the table and motions the Sliders to join him.

REMBRANDT 2

All right, talk.

Arturo removes the Ledger from his pocket and proffers it to Rembrandt 2.

ARTURO

Leah Greenfeld is in hiding. She's willing to trade information that is crucial to the future of this country.

Rembrandt 2 takes the Ledger from him, looks it over as though it is utterly meaningless.

REMBRANDT 2

What's this?

WADE

It's a list of every corrupt cop and union official in the state.

REMBRANDT 2

(highly dubious)
Leah Greenfeld gave you this?

ARTURO

These gangsters plan to ally themselves and create an organization so powerful, the federal government won't be able to stop them short of civil war.

(X)

REMBRANDT 2

(humoring them)
I see. And what is it you'd like me to do about all this?

WADE

For one thing, you could start taking us seriously.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 2

30

WADE (cont'd)

(then)

You could do something to save this woman's life, considering how much she's put at risk.

REMBRANDT 2

The witness protection program ran out of money years ago. I can't do a damn thing to protect Miss Greenfeld, so if she really sent you here, please inform her of that with my apologies.

WADE

Are you insane? You're gonna risk the secession of California and Nevada just because you can't provide protection for one person?

REMBRANDT 2

Perhaps she'd have better luck with the state or local government. They may have some revenues.

WADE

(realizing, appalled)

He's on the take.

(then)

This whole society is corrupt.

(then)

That's why the Greenfelds handed over the hundred thousand.

(then)

They knew he'd take it.

REMBRANDT 2

One more accusation like that and I'll throw you in jail. I'll bury you so deep they won't find you for years...

Arturo tries to stem this --

ARTURO

Miss Welles. This won't serve us.

WADE

Incorruptible -- what difference does it make how honest you are if you're too cowardly to do anything?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 3

30

ARTURO

(apologetically)

You must excuse my young friend.
She's very passionate and sometimes
gets carried away.

REMBRANDT 2

You two keep talking about these
things you'll both end up carried
away -- in pine boxes.

(then)

You're messing in the devil's
playground here.

(then)

You got a problem, go see Joe
Biacchi, the D.A. Short of that,
you're wasting my time.

(X)

As Wade and Arturo register his dire meaning --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 INT. GOLD NUGGET - BLACKJACK TABLES - TWO HOURS LATER - 31
QUINN AND JUNE

are sitting side by side. Quinn has a huge stack of chips bet, and June has a fourth of her sizable winnings in play as well.

The player ahead of June signals the dealer he's standing pat and June is about to do the same.

QUINN

(to June)
Split 'em.

June looks down at her cards -- two nines.

JUNE

I've got an eighteen against the dealer's seven -- are you crazy?

QUINN

I know what I'm doing.

Reluctantly, June moves a matching bet out and the dealer places a face card on the first nine, and another nine on the second.

QUINN

Split 'em again.

This time she doesn't argue. Quinn's won her faith.

THE PIT BOSS

off to the side. He's got his eye on them now.

QUINN

splits the nines for her. The dealer places an ace on the first, and a face card on the second.

QUINN

Hit the nineteen.

June wants to protest.

QUINN

We need to burn a card.

June taps her index finger down and the dealer places a six down on her nineteen.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

JUNE
(not surprised)
Bust.

Still, she has two winning hands.

(X)

The dealer turns to Quinn. He considers the giant stack of chips he has bet.

JUNE
That's fifty thousand dollars.

QUINN
(to the dealer)
Hit me.

The Dealer places a three down on Quinn's eighteen.

JUNE
Twenty-one!
(hugging Quinn)
You're a genius!

The Dealer reveals the face card under his seven and begins paying off their three winning hands.

(X)

THE PIT BOSS

approaches, accompanied by security.

PIT BOSS
I'm sorry, sir. I'm going to have to ask you to leave the hotel.

JUNE
What for? There's no law against winning money.

PIT BOSS
We don't like card counters, Ma'am.
(then)
We have a right to excuse any player from gambling here.
(then)
We can do this pleasantly, sir, or we can do it unpleasantly.

QUINN
No problem...
(taking his chips)
We're leaving.

Quinn and June head for the exit. As they leave...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2

31

JUNE

I didn't think anybody could do that. I've seen some amazing card sharks, but none of them could ever count a five deck boot.

(off Quinn)

Hey. Where are you going?

CUT TO:

32 INT. GREENFELD HEADQUARTERS - GREENFELD BRAIN TRUST
with the Gallos.

32

GREENFELD

What're you telling me? My own daughter betrayed me?

GALLO PATRIARCH

Leah was spotted making a beeline for The Incorruptibles suite at the Dominion Hotel.

GREENFELD

Doesn't take a genius to figure out what happened to the ledger book.

(X)

TOMMY

If what you're saying is true, Mr. Gallo, my sister will be punished.

(then)

Gentlemen -- we've tap-danced around The Incorruptibles long enough.

(then)

There's a time for cooperation, and there's a time to fight back.

Off Tommy, girded for battle --

CUT TO:

33 EXT. OUT-OF-THE-WAY STREET - DAY - WADE AND ARTURO
scan the passing traffic...

33

WADE

(reacts)

Professor...

ANGLE - LIMO

pulls up. The window rolls down to reveal --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

JOE BIACCHI

Gubernatorial candidate we remember from the commercial.

BIACCHI

You say you have something to give
me?

On a signal, Wade and Arturo enter --

34 INT. LIMO - BIACCHI

34

The driver hits the partition

WADE

(has the ledger)
Illegal pay-offs, Swiss bank
records -- it's all in here.

ARTURO

Ms. Greenfeld has put her life on
the line because she believes what
she's doing is right.

WADE

Our lives are on the line, too.
(then)
So you can see why it's vital you
give us protection.

BIACCHI

(has the prize)
Where are you staying?

ARTURO

The Dominion Hotel.

BIACCHI

I have a safe house. I'll have
Zack, my campaign manager, get a
couple of men, take you there.
(then)
I can't tell you what a hopeful
sign it is for my campaign that
there are honest people like you in
this godforsaken state.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

ARTURO
Thank you, sir. We could say the
same for you.

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED

35

36 OMITTED

36

37 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - CORRIDOR - QUINN

37

hurrying down the hallway toward --

38 INT. HOTEL ROOM - QUINN

38

enters --

QUINN
Rembrandt, I got it.
(then)
I won the money back --

Stops --

REMBRANDT

sits on the couch. Leah's beside him.

TWO MEN

stand behind them, guns trained. Off Quinn, they're
screwed --

CUT TO:

39 INT. A PANEL TRUCK - DAY - ARTURO AND WADE

39

are huddled in the back. An N.D. BODYGUARD drives them to
the safe house.

WADE
(to driver)
Our friends are at the Dominion
Hotel.
(then)
You'll take care of them, right?

Off the driver's non-committal --

WADE
(to Arturo)
We don't have a lot of time to the
slide, Professor.

ARTURO
You don't have to inform me --
(then)
If we miss the slide, I couldn't
put fifty cents on our chances of
staying alive on this world through
the New Year.

WADE
We did the right thing, though.
Didn't we?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ARTURO
Under the circumstances, we've done
everything possible. We can slide
on with clear consciences.

The van has pulled into

39A INT. WAREHOUSE - WADE

39A

reacts --

WADE
It looks like we're here.

The van panel slides open, revealing --

TOMMY GREENFELD

and back-up --

TOMMY
Get out.

Off Wade and Arturo --

CUT TO:

39B INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY - WADE

39B

and Arturo, hands bound in front of them with duct tape, are
thrown into a small room, only to see --

QUINN AND REMBRANDT

already captured, already bound.

QUINN
Wade! Professor!

WADE
OhmiGod. They grabbed you, too.

(X)

REMBRANDT
The Ledger... you made certain it
got to Joe Biacchi?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

39B CONTINUED:

39B

ARTURO
What about Miss Greenfeld?

QUINN
She's okay
(then)
It's the four of us we need to
worry about.
(then)
How much time, Professor?

Arturo manages to pry the timer free --

ARTURO
About eleven minutes --

REMBRANDT
What's that thing?

Wade and Arturo react: huh?

Suddenly

QUINN
(reacts)
Guys!

As now --

TOMMY AND GREENFELD

enter

GREENFELD
Let me make this quick and
painless: Where's my daughter? (X)
(X)

ARTURO
We have no intention of telling you
anything, sir.

GREENFELD
That would be your first mistake.
Helping me find her is the one
reason I have to keep you alive.
(then)
Nothing is more important to me
than family. Help me, you're gonna
help yourselves.

CUT TO:

40 INT. FBI VAN - DAY - A REEL TO REEL

40(X)

unspools --

(X)

AGENT REID

wired in --

LEAH GREENFELD

is with him. Also, Rembrandt

AGENT REID
C'mon, mister. Keep talking

REMBRANDT
I got to get in there. We don't
have much time!

AGENT REID
Quiet

As he listens

CUT TO:

41 OMIT (41)

41

41A INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY - REMBRANDT 2

41A

(Since that, indeed, is who this is) pushes matters along.

REMBRANDT 2
Greenfeld, you oughta know
something: the District Attorney
has a certain Ledger book. He'll
be coming down after you with all
guns blazing.

Greenfeld turns to Rembrandt, smug.

GREENFELD
Is that right?

He goes to a side door, opens it --

GREENFELD
Come on out, Joey.

BIACCHI

(X)

enters.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED:

41A

GREENFELD

Now who's the schmuck, Mr. Brown?
District Attorney Biacchi has been
on the Greenfeld's payroll for
years. Who do you think puts up
his campaign money?

REMBRANDT 2

That so, Joe.

BIACCHI

What can I say, Mr. Brown? A
candidate's got to get backing from
somewhere.

CUT TO:

41B INT. THE FBI VAN - AGENT REID

41B

AGENT REID
(into handi-talkie)
Go! Go! Go!

As FBI agents pour out of the van --

CUT TO:

41C INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - GREENFELD

41C

GREENFELD
Gotta admit, after years of hearing
how Rembrandt Brown killed this old
friend or put away that one --
today's payback time --
(then)
Line 'em up against the wall,
Tommy. Kill 'em one by one 'till
somebody talks --

WADE
Please! You don't have to kill us.
...We don't even belong on this
world!

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

As the hoods raise their weapons --

FEDERAL AGENTS

trailed by Rembrandt, burst in through every door. (We
recognize some of them as the same men who took Quinn,
Rembrandt and Leah from the hotel.)

AGENT REID
F.B.I.! Down on the floor!

TOMMY GREENFELD

reacts as --

QUINN
(to Rembrandt)
Untie us! We only have a few
minutes!

Rembrandt complies.

ANGLE - WADE

as she puts it together --

(CONTINUED)

41C CONTINUED:

41C

ARTURO
My God -- He's the other one.

WADE
When did you guys make the switch?

QUINN
(to Arturo)
The F.B.I. waited until Leah made her move. Then they had enough to build on.

(means Biacchi)
This guy was the key to the whole thing -- he was gonna win the election and put a legitimate face on this whole conspiracy.

ARTURO
(free)
Shaved our rescue rather close, didn't we?

REMBRANDT
Hey. Consider the alternatives.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. WAREHOUSE - THE SLIDERS

42

leave taking --

LEAH

and Quinn are there

QUINN
Look -- there's about five thousand dollars here.

(then)
Give this to the woman I told you about. She works out of the Gold Nugget. Tell her I said to use it to get out of town.

Leah takes the money wordlessly. Arturo's activated the wormhole in the background.

LEAH
Thank you for everything.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Quinn moves off --

REMBRANDT

stands off to the side, saying goodbye to his counterpart

REMBRANDT

Takes a lot of courage to stand up
to all this corruption.

REMBRANDT 2

For evil to triumph, is for good
people to do nothing.

(then)

The dark clouds are passing, my
brother. A better day is bound to
come.

REMBRANDT

I hope so.
(then)
Good luck, man.

REMBRANDT 2

You, too.

Rembrandt starts to go; turns back to give his double a
fisted salute. Slides --

QUINN AND WADE

are the last to go --

MAN IN THE SHADOWS

(to Quinn)

Hey, pal -- look out for yourself.

Quinn turns, something about the voice sounds strongly
familiar. He moves towards a shadowy area --

A MAN

(we can't make out who he is) lurks there --

MAN IN THE SHADOWS

They say a cat has nine lives, kid.
Think there's any truth to that old
wife's tale?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 2

42

QUINN
Maybe. If you're a cat.
(squinting)
You faked your own death. I knew
it.

MEL
(we make him out now)
Stay one step ahead of the hangman
in this life. Remember that.
(hint of a smile)
Keep your nose clean.

And Mel disappears, back into the shadows

WADE (O.S.)
Quinn. Let's go!

QUINN

makes a run at the last instant and we --

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

42A INT. THE BAR - NEXT DAY - THE BARTENDER

42A

checks through a fat wad of cash. June is with him.

JOHN
Unbelievable. We get to keep the
hundred grand, and now the sucker
sends Leah Greenfeld over to give
her a five thousand dollar tip.
(then)
Is this a great country, or what?

BARTENDER
A mark like this comes along once
in a lifetime.

JUNE
You're the one who steered him to
me.

JOHN
Man, I could see the kid wanted to
be a hero... but falling for it
twice?

(CONTINUED)

42A CONTINUED:

42A

BARTENDER
That's why she's the best.

JUNE
(why isn't she happier?)
Am I?
(then...)
Yeah, I guess I am...

Off June, wistful --

(X)

FADE OUT.

THE END